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AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Sold by D. F. DAVIS, "The Druggist," 262 North Main Street, Barre, Vt.

The Times' Daily Short Story.

HIS LACK OF PUBLIC SPIRIT

(Original.)

Sitting in the reading room of a hotel one cold winter evening I noticed an old, badly dressed man come in, look about him as if not knowing exactly what to do, warm his hands by the fire, then turn and go out. There was something in his appearance that interested me. He seemed like a man who had a history. Whether it was a benevolent expression that all accorded with his race or an air of prosperity that had been stamped upon him in other days and under other circumstances I could not tell. I followed him from the room in time to see him go out into the cold. I asked the landlady about him, and he told me the old man's story:

"Sandy O'Neill, when a young man, was the pet of the village, or, rather, the village was Sandy's pet. Some used to call him maulin over other people's troubles, but those to whom he gave his sympathy were of no such mind and loved him as he deserved to be loved. Sandy's only trouble was that he had no means with which to make people happy. He never met a child that he didn't run through his pockets to find a cent for candy, and when he failed to find one would often lead his little protégé to a shop and provide the sweets 'on tick.' But Sandy's great charm was a cheerfulness that communicated itself to others and was a relief to those in distress. 'Always darkest before day,' 'Every cloud has a silver lining,' 'It's a long road that has no turn'—these and many more such sayings he had for despondent friends and would deliver them with such cheer, winning smiles that none could help being comforted.

"Sandy had more in him than people suspected. He never could become prosperous by ordinary methods, for he would give money faster than he could possibly make it. His only chance was to make it all at once. This he did. A stranger came to town, took a fancy to him and induced him to go with him to the copper mines of Lake Superior. There Sandy became possessed of an emerald mine, which proved of great value, and he found himself a millionaire.

"One day ten years after Sandy had left the town one of our morning papers announced that 'Alexander O'Neill, the distinguished copper king, a former resident of this city, arrived yesterday on a visit to the place of his birth.' It was more than a visit, for Sandy had come to stay.

"In view of Sandy's past charitable disposition, it was generally admitted that he would do a great deal with his wealth for the town. A public reception was accorded him, got up by the first citizens. I noticed one man's name on the reception committee whom I

had heard speak of Sandy O'Neill as 'mauln over other people's troubles.' The organizers of the testimonial were all interested in property and enterprises which they hoped would be benefited by the copper king. The greeting of those whom he had befriended was different. They welcomed him with smiles at his good fortune, with tears at remembering his past kindnesses.

"Sandy got through the reception as best he could and put it behind him as something with a bad odor. He went about just as he used to, sympathizing with his friends, only now when he left them there was something substantial in their hands to mark his visit. He did nothing for the town, only for the people. For one he put a new roof on his house, for another paid off a mortgage, for another bought a cow that the children might have plenty of milk. Wherever he found a sick person he sent the doctor and provided comforts. And everywhere that Sandy went he gave as much comfort with his kindly, cheery words as with his money.

"But when those who had no need for Sandy's small benefits found that he would do nothing 'for the town,' when he had refused to take an interest in a park which was intended to bolster a real estate speculation, a railroad that was to connect the place with a neighboring city, a dam to furnish water power, they turned against him. When he had first returned he was 'Alexander O'Neill, the distinguished copper king.' He had not been in town long before he first citizens spoke of him as 'Sandy O'Neill, the man with no public spirit whatever.'

"Well, for years Sandy pursued the occupation he had chosen of giving away his money. Then came a great commercial crisis, and the small balance that was left to him disappeared. Sandy was without a cent. By this time he had dropped from among the first citizens, and his loss made not a ripple in that part of the community. It was a long while before it was known among those he had befriended that he was in want, but when they heard it they swarmed about him, those who had savings offering to share them with him and those who had not saying through tears, 'God bless you, Mr. O'Neill, and give you back your fortune.'

"Then some of the first citizens who had been interested in getting up his reception, when the fact that he was penniless and had passed into old age became notorious, offered to get up a donation affair for him. I have always believed they did it to humiliate him. Sandy declined their offer, saying that he had many friends who would not see him suffer. And he had and has now. When he wants a meal, there are a thousand people ready to give it to him. He has a room in a house he built for a poor family, and those he befriended are constantly clamoring for him to eat with them."

Nevertheless, Sandy O'Neill is a wreck.

MARTIN EVANS BORLAND.

A VIEW OF COLLEGE LIFE

Evanston (Ill.) Educator Points Out Its Evils.

SAYS ROWDYISM IS GLOBIFIED.

Principal Henry L. Boltwood declares athletic contests are too often made the excuse for gambling, drunkenness and theft—athletics said to be injuring secondary schools—fraternities called bad.

"What others call meanness, rascality and cowardly brutality college men call fun."

Nearly 300 educators, practically all of them college men themselves and many of them connected with leading western universities, stood against at the words. But the speaker, Henry L. Boltwood, principal of the Evanston (Ill.) township high school, had even more to say, says the Chicago Tribune. He criticized college life from almost every possible viewpoint and angle. Mr. Boltwood was the last speaker at the conference of secondary schools, which recently closed in Evanston.

"Education in the early days," Mr. Boltwood began, "was the prerogative of the priests, and few probably realize how largely school and college life today is shaped by the usages and traditions of the monastery and the ecclesiastics. The dormitory, early morning prayers, the exclusion of married students, the prominence still given to logic and linguistics in the courses of study are the survival not of the best, but of the long established customs of the cloister."

"More generally existing, even in state universities and in others entirely divorced from the church, is the notion that college students are a privileged class and as such exempt from amenability to civil law and too often from the laws of common dignity and civility. At any rate, students are prone to think they are amenable to their faculty only, whatever may be the nature of the offenses they may commit."

"In college life and college conscience outrages which under the civil law are punished with fine and imprisonment and subject the offenders to public contempt are regarded as matters of boasting, and a false community sentiment shields offenders from exposure and punishment."

"This idea of special class privilege reaches outside of the college into the lower schools, and the rowdyism, vulgarity and theft of college men are glorified. A college athletic contest is too often made the excuse for gambling, drunkenness, theft and open robbery, plundering restaurants, defrauding railroads, interfering with the rights of the traveling public, breaking up theaters and mobbing lectures."

"What others call meanness, rascality and cowardly brutality college men call fun. To call pilfering spoons, dishes and soft cushions and signs 'fun' is to put on a false label, but it does not change the character of the act."

"The hazing, the mischief, the betting on athletics, the use of unscrupulous means to secure good marks or to keep on athletic teams the dishonest men whose chief merit is their proficiency in athletics, the lowering of the standard of honor in examinations, all have a corrupting influence upon preparatory schools."

"Among the bad things which the college is turning over to the secondary schools are the secret societies, which are multiplying to an extent that calls for the attention of all educators. Within ten years there have sprung up in the public schools at least a dozen Greek letter societies, which are cheap imitations of college fraternities, especially in the things in which the college fraternities are most at fault. From personal experience I find much harm and little good in these school societies. They encourage clannishness and self conceit and are subversions of school and class spirit. Loyalty to the society takes the place of loyalty to the school."

"Each new society affords pretexts for additional social functions and extra expenses. School athletics suffer from the attempts of societies to give their own members prominent positions. Ridiculous and even dangerous initiations are practiced, and scholarship is left out of the question. They

are utterly foreign to the equality which ought to exist in a public school, where all class distinction should be laid aside and nothing count but merit."

"The self conscious air of people with which fraternity boys and girls ignore the outside 'barbarians,' who are often their intellectual and moral superiors, is simply exasperating. In this direction the girls are worse than the boys, or perhaps the girls feel the social slights more keenly. Mothers with tears in their eyes tell of the heartless and cruel ways in which their daughters are slighted and snubbed by the society girls."

"College athletics and college secret societies are the special features of college life which are injuring the secondary schools. The glory of the athlete has dimmed the glory of the scholar. Brawn is superior to brain in winning renown for the college and the individual. The muscular dunce or laggard who can be kept up to a minimum grade of scholarship only by persistent coaching and pressure and by much hard working on the part of the faculty is glorified."

"Five columns of newspaper glory to a game between Yale and Harvard, twenty lines to an intercollegiate debate! A great athletic victory is made the occasion for a general debauch. Not always, but far too often."

UNIQUE FOOTBALL TRICK.

Indian Player Hid Ball Under Sweater and Scored a Touchdown.

In a game full of the wildest excitement and witnessed by 12,000 people Harvard barely defeated the Carlisle Indians on Soldiers' field at Cambridge the other afternoon by a score of 12 to 11, says the New York World. At the end of the first half the visitors led with a score of 5 points and at the beginning of the second half scored a touchdown on the most unique trick play that has ever been seen in Cambridge. Thus, with a score of 11 points against her and the second half partially over, the crimson started to win out. Harvard scored her two touchdowns and Marshall kicked the goals, which gave the winning point.

Carlisle got the ball in the first half on forcing Harvard to punt and from the forty yard line carried it down to within ten yards of the crimson goal. Here Harvard braced, and little Johnson, instead of punting, had the ball passed back and held for a place kick. The little Indian fender kicked a beautiful goal. There was no more scoring in this half, but on the very first kick off in the second half the Indians got the ball and, gathering in a mass, concealed the pigskin for a second, while it was tucked up under the back of Dillon's sweater. Harvard did not

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Men find HARFINA indispensable for shaving, as a shampoo, to keep the hair and beard in fine condition, and to remove and cure dandruff.

Women recommend HARFINA highly as a hair wash, for all sanative purposes, for the eradication of blackheads, pimples, freckles, moth patches, liver spots, to stop hair falling and to make the skin soft, clear and beautiful.

Children in their baths are much benefited by its use, as it keeps the pores open and the skin free from blemish.

Babies are always healthy if washed with HARFINA, the best toilet and complexion soap in the world. Prevents chafing.

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HARFINA SOAP AND HAY'S HAIR HEALTH sold by the following druggists: E. A. DROWN, 48 NORTH MAIN STREET, BARRE, VT. D. F. DAVIS, 262 NORTH MAIN STREET, BARRE, VT.

PROPER CAPER IN VIOLETS.

Latest Fad Is to Tie the Bunches With Black Velvet Ribbon.

"No more cords and no more tassels," declared an up to date florist to a reporter of the Philadelphia Record—"that is, as far as the modish bunch of violets is concerned. I've just had a letter from a friend of mine in Paris, and he says that the latest fad is to tie up your bunch of violets with black velvet ribbon. I've already laid in a stock of black velvet ribbon three-fourths of an inch in width—that is the correct width. The quality must, of course, be above reproach. To start out with, there must be a superb bunch of violets, both as to quality and quantity. Either the richly purple singles or the bluer doubles may be the choice—that is merely a matter of taste, becomingness and harmony with the rest of the wearer's attire."

"The test comes with the ribbon. I've only tied a few as yet, and I average about five yards of ribbon each. In shape the bow is an abbreviated shower, and in one that I measured off I allowed four six inch loops (that's twelve inches to the loop), three eight inch loops, two that measured ten inches, one twelve and two ends of about twelve inches each. The effect was very rich and smart."

Great Closing-Out Sale!

—AT THE—

CITY AUCTION ROOMS.

As I am about to remodel my Auction building, making it into a large hall, I am obliged to close out the stock within ten days from this date.

Sale Begins Friday Afternoon, Nov. 6th

And Continues Every Afternoon and Evening at 2 and 7 o'clock.

All the goods positively must go without delay and without postponement. In this large and varied stock are four Chamber Suites, fifty Bedsteads, ten Commodes, fifty Spring Beds, forty Mattresses, thirty Pillows, four Folding Beds (one costing \$70), six Dining Tables, nine small Tables, four Sofas, six Couches, one organ, six Sewing-machines,

Ten Carpets, Fifteen Easy Chairs, Five Ranges,

twenty-five Rockers, thirty Coal Heaters, ten Oil and Gasoline Stoves, one Cooley Creamer, one Milk Heater, one Counter, pair Blacksmith's Bellows, several Guns, one Washing-machine, Wringers, lot of Silverware, Crockery and Ironware, 100 pairs Men's and Women's Shoes, Clothing, etc., and many smaller articles, too numerous to mention.

Parties Going to Housekeeping Should Not Miss This Sale!

We shall arrange for plenty of room for ladies and, with extra help, will be prepared to transact business rapidly. Sale begins Friday at 2 P. M., and will continue every afternoon and evening at 2 and 7 o'clock. Remember that this is business. In ten days after this sale opens the building must be vacated. Don't miss this opportunity.

O. H. HALE, Pearl Street, Barre, Vt.

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Have you Sick Headaches?

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To avoid Indigestion

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Sick headaches mean an overtaxed stomach and a derangement of the digestive organs. Beecham's Pills have proved themselves a boon for removing that distressed feeling and discomfort. A dose will remove the immediate cause and if repeated for a few days will enable your system to work normally.

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